friend to whom he can unbosom himself;—he is worse than Easselas in his Happy Valley. He perceives that all is regular and harmonious, but still there is something wanting; he is alone, and " it is not good for man to be alone," in respect either of the creature or the Creator. Such is his feeling, even when nature wears a smiling aspect, and events are prosperous; and when the heavens lower, and affliction casts its shadow over his path, and all things in this lower world seem dark, and dreary, and sullen, his melancholy is soured into discontent, and irritated into murmuring and complaint. He complains, and no one answers, and his spirit is chafed by its own chiclings. Ever friendless, he feels now what it is to be friendless in the hour of trial. The SUPERSTITIOUS MAN has his moments of high ecstasies and ethereal pleasure, of convulsive action and feverish joy, but succeeded, ever and anon, by periods of exhaustion and weakness, of distaste to and incapacity for exertion. After his strength has spent itself, he feels, in the ethereal atmosphere of which he breathes, like those travellers who ascend the Alps or Andes; and who, when they reach a certain elevation, experience a quickness of breathing, an acceleration of pulse, a loss of appetite, and nausea, which issue in a complete prostration of strength, and irresistible somnolency. His very rest is like that produced by opiate drugs—he awakes from it in startling alarms, and with darker forebodings. With occasional joy, he is yet without peace; harassed by fear, he is without genuine trust and confidence ; scared by expected punishment, he is never allured by deep and fervent love. It is an habitual FAITH, looking to the living and loving God, which alone is fitted to impart cheerfulness to the soul at all times, and consolation in the seasons of trouble and of death.

The ATHEIST is rash in his actions, dark in his passions, is apt

to be proud in prosperity, and comfortless in affliction; and when wearied of life, he vainly attempts to terminate his existence by an act which may indeed kill the body, but leaves the soul to be tormented by its passions, more furiously than ever—by scorpions instead of whips. The PANTHEIST professes to follow nature, and, making no struggle to rise above it, he is carried along with the stream; and feeling himself to be a mere bubble upon its surface, he becofaes a vain and empty trifler. He is probably an idle dreamer, or a sipper of the sweets of literature, an indulge*